

THE TIMES.

J. E. Burgher, Jr., Publisher.

Subscription rates, 50 cents per year.

Entered in the postoffice at Spout-spring as second class mailmatter.

SPOUTSPRING, KY.
THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1899

ADVERTISING RATES.

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" Detroit Free-Press	1 00
" Louisville Commercial	75
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A Tale of Woe.

The lives of printers oft remind us,
Honest labor has no chance.
One by one they leave behind us,
Bigger patches on our pants.
On our pants once new and glossy,
Now they're patched a different hue
Because subscribers sometimes linger
Paying promptly what is due.
Let us then be up and doing
Send in the mites however small,
Or when winter's blasts strikes us
We shall have no pants at all.
—Valley View Argent.

It is not surprising that the President's Richmond speech should have pleased the Virginians. In both words and sentiment it was a speech calculated to please. For instance, the following extract, dealing with our united country: "Now, no jarring note mars the harmony of the Union. The seed of discord has no sower and no soil upon which to live. The purveyor of hate, if there be one left, is without a follower. The voice which would kindle the flame of passion and prejudice is rarely heard, and no longer heeded in any part of our beloved country."

Lord of the universe,
Shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always
Through shadow and sun.
Thou hast united us;
Who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us,
The many in one.

A Washington newspaper, probably influenced by the announcement of the coming marriage of Admiral Dewey to Mrs. Hazen, a sister of John R. McLean, suggests editorially, under the head of "Perhaps," "For President: George Dewey, of Vermont. For Vice President: John R. McLean, of Ohio." That would be more of a family than a party ticket.

Among other things said by Hon. Wm. J. Bryan on his tour through Kentucky, was the following: He said the Republican policy concerning the Philippines reminded him of the prayer of an old colored man. It illustrates the difference in being on God's side and having God on your side.

He said when he prayed for a chicken to be sent to him he never got one, but when he prayed to be sent after a chicken he always got one. To his thinking, the Republicans are praying to be sent a chicken, and they had

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already got the Philippine roster.

He also said, "I have heard that President McKinley had no policy until he made that trip to Omaha, when he resolved to feel of the pulse of the people and gather public sentiment from the rear of a railroad train. If he had only consulted me, I could have told him how unreliable is public sentiment from the rear of a railroad coach. I gathered some that way myself in '96."

There are now in the course of erection two new buildings in our little city. One is nearing completion, and of the other the foundation stones are being laid. Both are in the central part of town, one on either side of our temple of justice. One is a house of God and the other—a saloon. Only a square separates them and that space is occupied by the time-stained walls of the court house. Both buildings will have its followers in days to come, but of the two bands, which think you will count the greater number arrayed before the bar of justice? Which will make good citizens and moral men? Which will sow discord and strife and unhappiness? Perhaps the record kept within the growing walls of the old brick pile between them will show in years to come. It is not for me to say.—Harrisburg Democrat.

His Mother's Picture.

The following touching story concerning Admiral Dewey has just been published: Just before the battle of Manila, when the order was given to strip for action, the smallest powder boy on the flag ship dropped his coat overboard. He asked permission to jump after it, but was refused.

He went to the other side of the ship, dropped overboard, recovered the coat, but was promptly arrested for not obeying orders. After the battle he was tried and found guilty. When the sentence was submitted to Commodore Dewey for his approval, he became interested in the case, as he could not understand why the boy should risk his life for a coat just the battle. He had the boy come to him. He spoke kindly to the youngster, who broke down and told the Commodore that the coat contained his mother's picture, which he had just kissed, and he could never bear to see it lost.

Dewey's eyes filled with tears, he fairly embraced the boy and ordered him released, saying:

"Boys that love their mothers enough to risk their lives for her picture cannot be kept in irons on this fleet."

About Senator Beveridge.

The question of raising the American boy is getting to be a sure enough problem. He is so swift in these latter days that the devil can't keep up with him, much less his father and mother. The German boy is safe. He is taught from infancy that he must earn bread by the sweat of his brow, that labor is not only honorable but also excellent. The American boy is brought up on a different plan, especially the Southern boy. His parents indulge him and take the burdens he deserves to bear, off of him and this produces idleness and ignorance and these two produce crime. Our boys could learn a valuable lesson in the case of Mr. Beveridge, recently elected to the United States Senate from Indiana. An Indianapolis paper gives a sketch of his marvelous career as follows: "Albert J. Beveridge was born during the civil war on a farm on the borders of Highland county, Ohio. His father and all of his brothers were away at the war, and at the close of that struggle Beveridge's father lost all his property, and the family moved to Illinois. From the age of twelve Albert's life was one of hardship. When twelve he was a plowboy, at fourteen he was working as a day laborer on railroad work; at fifteen he became a logger and teamster, and by reason of a natural command of men was placed in charge of the logging camp. He went through the high school by working at nights and in the mornings, and borrowed \$50 to go to college on. He got through his first year working a steward of a club, and by the end of the year he had taken prizes in philosophy, science and oratory sufficient to pay two years' expenses. He was compelled to begin college late each year and quit early in order to go to work. He came to this city and read law in the office of Senator McDowell. Young Beveridge lived on two meals a day while doing so. After his admission to the bar, the cases came to him were of great importance and his first pleading before a court was in the Supreme Court.—Exchange.

J. E. Thomson, editor of the Bracken Chronicle, has been summoned to answer a charge of libel brought by Rev. H. R. Coleman, of Louisville.

S. B. R. Black, of Richmond, has purchased five acres of land near Nuevita, Cuba. The land is in a proposed town colony called La Gloria.

At Louisa, David Mead committed suicide by drowning himself in the Big Sandy river because a young girl refused to marry him.

"Only one kiss," he pleaded.

"Only one," she said coyly, and—could it be—with a tinge of great disappointment in her air.

"Only one!" he said again, beseechingly, and the maiden yielded. But lasted from 8:15 to 11:45 p. m.

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Wm. McWhorter, of Laurel county, has become insane over Mormonism.